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18th March 1900

My dear Mr. [Name],
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am at present in the
country and cannot write more than a few lines. I shall
write again when I am back in town. I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
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30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y.
BROADCASTERS VICTORY COUNCIL
MUNSEY BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CUTIVE 2113

Number 28

August 13, 1942.

WASHINGTON'S RASH FLASH **

We hear tell that a number of stations have lately received - from no less a place than Washington - a batch of spot announcements submitted by a bona fide government agency. These are very nice announcements, as announcements go, except for an opening device that is in gross, bald violation of the Radio Censorship Code. They start off with the word "FLASH" - followed by exclamation points.

And that, you'll remember, is one of the things we agreed not to do. The term "flash" tends to arouse undue excitement, even in connection with regular news. To preface other material, no matter how airworthy, with this wolf-wolf technique is bad wartime radio. We know that you know it, but in case your memory's getting wobbly, may we point out that the Censorship Code is still very much in force.

The fact that these announcements came from a government agency is no reason to think that the regulations are being relaxed. We plead that you check everything, regardless of source, to make sure that your station, and broadcasting in general, treads the straight white line of censorship propriety.

NIGHT-LETTER TO BERLIN **

While we're on the subject of the code, there's another warning waiting to be voiced. Every now and then reports drift our way about the very commendable efforts that individual stations are making to boost the local sale of War Bonds. Their patriotism is unquestioned; some of the methods, however, must be looked at with arched eyebrows. And because of the Censorship Code again.

One stunt we've heard about lately makes use of a special show on which the name of any person buying War Bonds is given over the air, together with the extent of his purchase. It's good radio, of course, but not good in wartime. Neither is another come-on arrangement by which the purchase of a Bond entitles the listener to ask station performers for some particular musical number during a special show.

Any program idea that permits outsiders to be the controlling factor in putting specific material on the air at a specific time is dangerous. It's an open avenue of communication, just waiting to be employed by enemy agents. It's an ideal way to tip-off submarines on ship movements or, by means of prearranged codes, to pass information along to where it'll do the most harm. And the chance is no more melodramatic or far-fetched than the idea of four Nazis, fresh from Berlin, landing on a lonely Long Island beach with a shipment of dynamite and sabotaging equipment.

POSIES FOR MR. PETRILLO **

It comes to our attention that the FCC is putting the final touches on a special questionnaire which will shortly go out to all stations, asking certain queries about their use of recordings - live music etc. Purpose of the probe, of course, is to amass some useful data that may come in handy when the Department of Justice states its case against Mr. Petrillo's musical machine in Chicago on September 16. We presume that the broadcasters of the nation can come forward with some interesting tidbits.

We take this opportunity to urge that when the questionnaire reaches your desk, you should give it the promptest attention, getting it back to the FCC as soon as possible. There's little enough time between now and September 16, and the data secured from the questionnaires must be analyzed thoroughly before it may be presented.

Here's a matter that's close to the welfare of broadcasting. If J. C. Petrillo gets away with what he's doing now, the next thing you know you'll probably have to hire stand-by musicians every time you paint the antenna tower.

IT'S YOUR PROBLEM, TOO.....

Speaking of questionnaires, there's another one recently issued, prepared by the Board of War Communications for the express and very excellent reason of taking inventory on the number of broadcast transmitting tubes in the industry. It's imperative that we conserve those as much as possible. Frankly, the situation doesn't look any too good. We're sadly short of replacements, as you know, and things have a gilt-edged guarantee to get worse.

The purpose behind this official inventory should be obvious to anyone with half a watt of intelligence. It's essential to know where we stand before planning any definite steps. The questionnaires were not sent out because somebody happened to be inquisitive or wanted to make you do a lot of extra work. The problem calls for co-operation, and you can take it straight from your uncle BVC that you'll be doing yourself - and the industry - a favor by expediting the return of your individual questionnaire just as fast as you can fill it out.

THIS YEAR, IT'S DIFFERENT **

It's something less than a month to Labor Day - which falls this year on September 7 - and high time you started figuring just what you're going to do about celebrating the event. First of all, don't overlook the fact that Labor Day this year means more than all previous Labor Days rolled into one.

It'll take labor to win this war - just as much as an army and a navy. America - we need hardly point out - is the greatest industrial nation on earth. And last December, stung and stunned by treachery of a nation whose military prowess we once pooh-poohed, American industry rallied 99% behind the war effort to answer the Axis challenge.

Labor has done a very great deal since Pearl Harbor. We have now achieved the greatest record of war production in the history of the world,

which is a pretty long history and studded with some pretty big wars. And labor, day and night, keeps to its lathes, stamping machines, drill presses and riveting, with a persistence that exhibits both a determination to win, and an ability to win.

We have some definite impressions as to how Labor Day should be treated. First of all, this is no time for the threadbare chestnut about it being "a pause to honor the achievements of the working man." Labor Day, this year, doesn't mean a breathing space. It can't. The wheels and the pistons and welder's torch mustn't "pause". Hitler doesn't believe in Labor Day. While we're "pausing", he's still building Heinkel bombers and lank, black submarines. Hitler doesn't believe in the kind of free labor we want in this country. If he has his way, we won't either.

Furthermore, Labor Day this year isn't simply a matter of looking back at our war production achievements with a satisfied smirk and saying, "Jeepers, we're really doin' all right." America's salvation lies not in what we've already done, no matter how phenomenal it may be, but in what we still have ahead of us to do. Labor Day is a time to pledge nationwide faith in the ability of free American workers to out-produce - in quantity and quality - the ant-like workers of the Axis.

The Radio Bureau of the OWI has prepared some highly helpful material on the significance of 1942's Labor Day. It's being sent to all stations. We suggest you retrieve it from that growing pile on your desk and weigh carefully the program themes and ideas it offers. Labor Day, this year, is a heap more than just the time when summer resorts close and the kids start going back to school.

THE PROBLEM'S ANSWERED **

Well-intended as it is, the new Treasury arrangement whereby radio stations serve as direct dispensers of War Bonds has nevertheless caused a few frowns on the fair brows of numerous War Bond committees who are assigned definite quotas for their local areas. Let us say, for example, that the committee at Turtle Creek, Neb., is working its collective heart out to make a good sales record and meet its quota. There have been rallies, and special festooned booths in front of the Turtle Creek courthouse, and door-to-door canvassing by hard-working committee members - in fact it looks like a sure-bet that Turtle Creek will go well over the top in its local campaign.

Then, one quiet evening, a 50-kw station in a nearby city - which isn't even in Turtle Creek County, or maybe not even in the state of Nebraska - opens up with a bunch of live-wire plugs for War Bonds, inviting listeners to send their orders direct to the station. This keeps up, day after day. Turtle Creek bond sales begin to fall off noticeably. At first the local committee worries, then it begins to get downright hopping mad. Turtle Creek is still buying its share of War Bonds - sure. But there's no way of figuring the radio sales into the local quota.

The Treasury has taken cognizance of this problem in at least one instance, and has helped one 50 kilowatt that we know of to solve this problem by reallocating credit for the sale back to the county from which the purchase emanated.

Mac Afee

-4-

YOU'VE REASON TO BE VERY NARY **

We heard a horrible fable the other day - which wasn't really a fable at all, but something that actually happened. We just call it a fable because it has a moral. We think that - from its grisly details - you should take profitable heed.

Not long ago the Navy arranged for a certain Mrs. Mildred H. McAfee, who is the new head of the WAVES - which, in turn, is the involved abbreviation of the new Women's Naval Reserve - to appear on a certain Washington station for an interview. She arrived at the studios dutifully, in ample time before the particular program was scheduled to go on the air.

Now...by one of those impish coincidences...the show just ahead of the one on which she was supposed to be a guest also featured interviews. The receptionist, in a blue-eyed haze, whisked Lt. Com. McAfee into the wrong studio - already on the air - where she was duly introduced, interviewed and everything - without so much as a rehearsal. What the following program did - besides play fill-in transcriptions - has not been related to us.

Anyhow, you probably got the point. If a station right in the nation's capital can be so lax about letting people go on the air with utter and unrehearsed abandon, there's reason to fear equal slaphappiness in other parts of the country. Suppose it hadn't been Lt. Com. McAfee at all, but someone impersonating? Suppose the wrong people got access to the microphone this way for purposes of subversive propaganda, for sowing seeds of doubt and rumor? And supposing the carelessness of radio was responsible for this?

We've simply got to be careful - unrelentingly careful - about things like that. The obligations of broadcasting are too serious and important to be tossed around like a basketball. Scheduled speakers should be made to identify themselves beyond any doubt. They should be met by someone who knows them, and will see that they get to the proper place at the proper time. Radio studios are strategic points - like power stations, key bridges and railway terminals. For the love of Marconi, let's treat 'em that way!

DEATH, TAXES, & JOHN B. HAGGERTY **

That man Haggerty, who's head of the International Allied Printing Trades Association, is back again with the usual madrigal about all the money the government could rake in if it put a new horse-collar of taxes around broadcasting's neck. Mr. John B. Haggerty's prime concern seems to be that radio also competes for the advertiser's dollar, and this makes him very, very unhappy indeed.

It comes as pleasant news, after hearing Haggerty buzzing among the rafters once again, to learn that both the AFL and the IBEW are readying a blast which will tell Mr. H. exactly how they feel about his whole proposal of super-taxes for radio.

We don't know quite how the words will go, but we'll sure be glad to join in on the chorus.

BROADCASTERS VICTORY COUNCIL

Nos. 1-36. 1942.

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